Scepter, Slaveship

From the wastes of africa Taken from your homes Stolen by invaders and Or sold out by your own Clapped in irons prey to gunsfire Succumb to the attack Once you set foot on that ship There's no turning back You are on fucking slaveship now Your graven god cannot save you now You must bow down to the most high obliteration of name and identity Underneath a blistering white sky What fate awaits among you no one knows That's for your master to decide Breathing in the stench of tho who were alive Only unlucky ones survive Cry for reparations paid Will go unheard by me I won't bound by the chains Of your self-imposed slavery